

King of Medicines

Scrofulous Humor—A Cure

"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered...

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system. I always feel well...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

100 Doses One Dollar

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

BARGAINS

Men's Underwear & Socks

Men's Fine Old red Clothing

PETHICK & McDONALD,

393 Richmond Street.

EDUCATIONAL.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

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TAKE A ROUND TRIP

PROFESSIONAL.

CHARLES J. MCCABE, B.A., BARRISTER.

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D. W. WOODRUFF, No. 15 QUEEN'S AVE.

GEORGE G. DAVIS, Dentist.

Office, Dundas street, four doors east of Richmond.

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Alas! Alas for all high hopes and all desires!

Alas for all the world—and fleeing race!

Alas for all the world—and fleeing race!

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that Stirling Denny offered to the critics.

CHAPTER III. THE MAJOR AT TIEVINA.

Mrs. Southmead could always be relied upon for looking after the shadows, so to speak.

Ephraim seized the long reins and the fierce sounding whip in readiness for the Major's word, "Go."

"No, sir; I was just going for some, when I found Uncle Ephe bogged."

"Well, Ephe's all right now; what do you say to a tramp with me?"

"I'll be glad to go," said Fred, and sprang back up the levee after his coat and gun.

"Going by one's self so much makes one selfish," said the major, suddenly slacking his speed.

"You will in time; that is, if you care to. You chaps down here are more used to using horses' legs than your own."

"I've had a tip-top time, and I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir," said Fred, with boyish frankness.

"It is just the other way," said the major, heartily, settling, as he spoke, the finest bunch of ducks in his bag.

"I might venture to send these to Mrs. Southmead, with my respects?"

"as if he had been an ordinary guest, amenable to ordinary rules!"

There had been ample time for the slight frostiness that pervaded the social atmosphere in the big Tievina parlor, in spite of Mr. Southmead's jocular efforts.

Carl had been exalted to a seat on the stranger's knee, and seemed well satisfied with his location.

"Mamma, what made you say his hands was dyed red. They're just as white as mine!"

It was not the master of Rossmere who was covered with confusion at this speech of the boy's.

It is only under stress of weather that the true Southerner allows himself to be immersed within the four walls of his house for other than sleeping or eating purposes.

Stirling Denny had elected to make his home in the South during what is now known as the carpet-bag era.

Mr. Southmead was the most undesigning of men. When he selected a cigar for the major, and extended a match, and settled himself comfortably in his big chair, with his feet on the banister rail, he was indulging in no conscious train of thought.

The brown and stubby fields of Tievina lay in full view of the two men on the public road lying along the lake bank.

"Mother, our friend has arrived!" Mrs. Southmead made a little grimace at the word friend, then swept gracefully into the presence of this interloper.

"For all the world, you know," she said to her own accusing conscience.

"The same! But his present claim to distinction lies in his candidacy for the shrievalty of this county."

"No!" "But it is so." "Can he write?" "No."

"What, then, are his qualifications for this office?" Mr. Southmead broke out into a loud and uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"My dear Denny," he said finally, "you must excuse me. But your little catechism sounded so extremely fresh and unphilosophical."

"Of course, you've heard of Gays, Upps & Co., over yonder at Laketown, the county seat?"

"I have heard that there were three men there named respectively Gays, Upps, and Strouther. Lawyers, are they not?"

"They are both gentlemen," Mrs. Ralston's needle pursued the even tenor of its way.

"I don't care if they are. The time never will come when such subjects will be safe. If you won't go to the piano, I will, and I know if he hears me playing the Cracovienne he will be convinced he has wandered into an ark."

"One moment," said Major Denny, laying a detaining hand on Mr. Southmead's shoulder.

"Major Denny glanced at the slim figure behind the coffee tray with fresh interest as he took his seat beside his hostess on the sofa."

These two women were social studies to him. Their lives were unlike the

lives of their sisters in the more crowded arena of the North; or, in fact, of any women who had ever met. Isolated, without society of any sort, with no churches, no shops, no public entertainments of any kind for mental refreshment, they yet, through the medium of the papers and magazines that belittered the big table in the hall, were as completely acquainted with the world of fashions and of intellect as if they had command of the Astor Library in New York, or access to the bewildering mazes of its fashionable boulevards.

A Bishop's Charity.

A certain French Bishop was once led, in spite of himself, to prove the truth of the proverb, "Charity begins at home."

"Indeed, it would be hard to tell what he does not need; for he has actually no underlinen. The case is really pitiful."

"But this must not be!" exclaimed the kind-hearted prelate. And, slipping the necessary money into her hand, he continued: "Go at once and buy him that he needs. But do not tell him that it comes from me."

"Then, touched by the ill-concealed joy on the face of his housekeeper, and naturally attributing it to her happiness in being able to relieve the wants of the poor man, he called her back, and, adding something more to the sum he had already given her, said: "See that the shirts are made of good, fine linen. A man in his position needs something better than the ordinary quality."

"Very true," replied the other, quite seriously. And great was her rejoicing over the cutting out and making of the fine linen shirts ordered by the Bishop for the poor gentleman.

The following Sunday Mgr. d'Avian began to wonder if anywhere in his possessions he could find a fresh shirt wherein to do honor to the day.

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NASAL BALM NEVER FAILS CURES COLDS IN HEAD AND CATARRH